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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Illusion of War

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old Mothers, and the whole
Dark but cheery without a soul.

Without a soul—Save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my piece, abiding feet
Go marching with the marching street,
For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes,
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music. like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this;
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

—*Richard Le Gallienne*

"The Silk-Hat Soldier and other Poems"
John Lane Company

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 387
"Confessions of a Clergyman"..... 388

THE PULPIT—
Men of the New Testament. VII. Judas the Traitor.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES..... 390

CONTRIBUTED—
The Arya Samaj of India.—J. T. SUNDERLAND, D. D. 394

SELECTED—
The Collapse of Religion.—*Rabbi Moses J. Gries* 397

CORRESPONDENCE—
A Question and An Answer..... 389

POETRY—
The Illusion of War.—*Richard Le Gallienne*..... 385
The Song Mystery.—*Edwin Markham*..... 387
The Prayer of John Muir.—*Odell Shepard*..... 396
A Failure.—*Cora A. Matson Dolson*..... 397

THE FIELD—
Tower Hill Letter IV..... 398
Second Clean Town Contest in Utah.—*The Survey* 398
How To Succeed.—*"Life"*..... 399

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915. NUMBER 25

THE SONG MYSTERY.

If it touches the heart of a Poet,
The gods and the ages will know it;
For over the waters and crags of time
The winds of the world will blow it.

If ever the Bard shall bring it,
The hands of the Fates will wing it;
And lo, it will travel from world to world,
Till the Kings of Orion sing it!

—*Edwin Markham.*
"The Shoes of Happiness," Doubleday Page & Co.

Our Dumb Animals asks significantly "Where are the peace-at-any-price men?" And it answers, "They are no more numerous, at least, than the war-at-any-price men."

A movement is on foot to perfect in Europe a "Red Star Society," the object of which will be to secure the same amenities for its workers who go about to bring relief to the injured horses on the battlefield as are now granted the Red Cross Society workers.

It is certainly true that the nervous inquisitiveness of the anti-saloon workers in America concerning the attitude of presidential candidates on the saloon question is very irritating. Both parties would like to evade the responsibility. But if Barnes and Penrose and even the dignified Root seem to be playing into the hands of the liquor men, it becomes the friends of temperance to know who and where their friends are. A circular from the anti-saloon headquarters contains this prophetic sentence: "No political party can come back on a beer wagon."

Seth Low has had the courage to introduce into the New York Constitutional Convention a clause, which if adopted would, to borrow a phrase from *Leslie,* "revolutionize municipal governments." It runs as follows:

"No national or state political party shall nominate municipal officers or endorse or promote their candidacy," is the way it reads. Some specific things this amendment would prohibit are the use of party primaries to nominate candidates, the public endorsement of any candidate by a political party, the use of party funds to secure the nomination or election of any person, and the printing of the name and the emblem of any political party on the official ballot.

Such a provision is surely coming and the State that first meets this crying need of reform will be the Ben Adhem of politics. It will lead all the rest.

The American Journal of Theology, edited by the Divinity Faculty of the University of Chicago and colleagues, is before us, a solid magazine of a hundred and sixty pages filled with the new learning concerning Biblical topics. The first article is an "Historical Sketch of Christianity and War," by Prof. McGiffert. "What Shall the Systematic Theologian Expect from the New Testament Scholar?" by Prof. Birney Smith, "The Abandonment of the Canonical Idea," by Ernst von Dobschutz of the University of Halle,, "A Critical Note on the Trial of Jesus," by Prof. Burton Scott Easton, "Studies in Jewish Literature," by Prof. Shirley Jackson Case, "Liberal Orthodoxy, a review of Prof. Henry W. Clark's book," are among the dozen or more interesting articles. The magazine is published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. Single copies can be obtained for $1.00. Annual subscription, $3.00.

"For Americans only" is a popular slogan now. We are not surprised that the *Outlook* for July 7th leads in an assault upon the hyphenated American. Commenting upon the *Outlook* editorial the *California Christian Advocate* takes up the cry: "An American is either an American or is a subject of a foreign government. He cannot be both." Better say no man can be an American who does not love more than one country. One of the most stultifying demands of the United States is the provision in our naturalization laws which calls for a new citizen to swear a special enmity, or at least antagonism, to the country he has forsaken. The German, English, Welsh, Irish or Scotch citizen who in transferring his allegiance to the United States forswears love of the land that bore him, is poor stuff to make a citizen of anywhere. Why may not the American delight in Celtic, Teuton or Saxon ancestry? He is the truest citizen of the United States who is most truly a citizen of the world. Some day we are going to have free trade in citizenship, a courteous exchange of citizens among the nations who recognize themselves a corporate part of the greater state, the organized world.

Collier's quotes approvingly from a personal letter of Booth Tarkington the following:

German preparedness did *not* keep Germany at peace "far longer than other nations." The German preparedness is vicious—they have been held to peace and tricked and threatened into peace year after year. They were spoiling for a fight because they *were* so prepared. Preparedness always

breeds truculence and it's a horrible thing that we've *got* to *get* prepared."

But unmindful of the inconsistency, Tarkington eats his own words when he says, giving the alarm over our unpreparedness:

It's a *dangerous* thing, but just now the infinitely greater danger is in our *utter* unpreparedness. We must be able to defend ourselves—*and know how to stop when we've reached that point.*

How slow are we to see that peace comes to nation or individual only as these are prepared for it. Peace is for the amicable, peace is for the rational, it is for those who, when irritations arise, are committed to the pacific settlement that trusts not in battleships and has no appeal to cannon. England was "prepared" for war on sea with an overwhelmingly larger navy than any other Power, but its ships are hiding behind the banks because there is another navy—an armada of submarine boats—naval sharks able to disembowel the old-fashioned leviathans with their armor plates, twenty-mile guns and all that. President Wilson asked a pertinent question when he said to his belligerent advisers, "What sort of a navy shall we build?"

"The Church the Hope of the Future," by J. H. Oldham, M. A., is No. 36 of Papers for War Time published by "A Committee drawn from the various Christian bodies and political parties" on the following apparently contradictory basis:

1. That Great Britain was morally bound to declare war and is no less bound to carry the war to a decisive issue.
2. That the war is none the less an outcome and a revelation of the unChristian principles which have dominated the life of Western Christendom.....
4. That the Christian duties of love and forgiveness are as binding in time of war as in time of peace. . . . . .
7. That it is the duty of the Church to make an altogether new effort to realize and apply to all the relations of life its own positive ideal of brotherhood and fellowship.

In accordance with No. 1 of this declaration this paper on the outset proceeds to lay all the blame on Germany, and then in the same paragraph to declare

However great the guilt of Germany may be, we ignore the root of the evil if we fail to see that the European tradition is at fault. If men's minds remain under the sway of the same ideas as before, if the attitude of the nations to one another continues to be one of rivalry, suspicion and armed hostility, there is no reason why the catastrophe against which our hearts revolt should not occur again. The war is the final condemnation of the whole system of ideas on which international politics and diplomacy were based. The defeat of Germany in itself would mean no more than the cutting down of a noxious growth; the roots would remain to bear in the future the same pernicious fruit. No political advantage, however great, can reconcile us to this expenditure of blood and tears; only for the sake of some large spiritual gain can we feel that the travail and sacrifice have not been in vain.

The paper then proceeds to discover the causes of the war lying back of both Germany and Great Britain,—the industrial struggle, the conflict of races, the struggle between the white and the colored, the problem of intoxicants and many more signs of degeneracy which are summed up in this forceful passage:

In letters of blood and deep scars upon our hearts the war is impressing the lesson that a social order based on egoism cannot survive. The eternal truth on which the scriptures of the Old and New Testament continually insist, that there is an indissoluble connection between sin and death, has again been forced home on our forgetful minds. The bravest and best in Europe have died in hundreds of thousands to expiate our worship of false gods. Yet the moral government of the world which has established this connection between sin and death has a redemptive purpose. God is calling us to strike at the evil root which has borne this harvest of death.

"Confessions of a Clergyman"

Recently we gave editorial notice of a parson's story under the title of "In the Service of the King," by Joseph B. Dunn, in which is portrayed the career of a minister who, starting out with inadequate preparation, climbed through the experiences of a country, town, and city ministry, meeting on his way modern difficulties and problems and solving them to a degree with the weapons and opportunities of a minister.

We have before us another ministerial story which reveals the confessions of a clergyman of whom it may be said he suffered from a surfeit of preparation, an excess of opportunity and a crushing weight of prosperity. This fortunate and favored minister lacked some of the blessings of adversity which so sharpened the wits and increased the efficiency of Dr. Dunn's hero. The whole "confession" is touched with a professional weariness and a certain kind of ministerial disgust. There is a vein of cynicism running through it that can hardly be said to be wholesome. The author criticizes relentlessly the curricula of the theological schools. He bemoans the useless learning and the almost fatal ignorance inflicted upon the theological school student. He portrays vividly the unmanning influence of theological school beneficiary funds. He exposes the frivolity and unconscious hypocrisy of the fashionable church and the conventional sanctities connected therewith. And he does it in such a way as not only to illumine the same with a glaze of humor, but to make sick the heart of any honest minister of a boulevard church in the city, for he knows there is too much truth in the satire.

Yes, satire is the word to characterize the whole book. It is a clever demonstration of the absurdities and imbecilities that are too often found in the instituted religion of the Protestant world in America. It is an anonymous work. The author did well to hide himself from public gaze and criticism, but he can scarcely conceal his identity. We find ourselves continually exercising the Yankee privilege of guessing. By a process of elimination we can almost put our finger on, if not the guilty man, then on a certain ten or a dozen possible authors of which the man who skulks behind this thin mask is the guilty party. There is a smugness in the way in which he disposes of what he is pleased to call the "Göttingen philoso-

pher" who expatiates upon "the is-ness of the As-It-Were, the so-ness of the If." There is something worse than smugness in the way he disposes of this higher criticism with the implication that it devitalizes the message and disturbs the faith of the listener. The result of these studies and their effect upon the audience as described in this book is a caricature and not a characterization.

But on the principle that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than a house of feasting" this book is a most wholesome one for a clergyman and his attendant deacons to read. We do not believe that this writer fairly deals with the members of the "rich church," as we are sure that he does not understand the inner needs and the higher aspirations of the multitude that frequent the modern church and go away Sunday after Sunday unfed, their yearning for an ideal unkindled by the preacher and for head and heart food unprovided by the minister.

Not all of this book is touched with the weakness of over-statement. "The Burning of Edward B. Archer" describes too truly the mild penalty which a complacent orthodoxy visits upon an independent thinker. The experience of this ill-starred minister in the "wild and wooly West" is a revelation of what even a half-hearted minister can accomplish. It is inspiring although he must needs make a Unitarian minister out of straw for the sake of knocking him out and down. His tilt with Christian Science is a warning, and he ought to have been tutored by this experience to deal more fairly with the "transcendentalists" that amused him. His difficulties in humanizing the "Church of St. Crœsus," whose great fault was the dearth of thought in the pews, ought to have made him more appreciative of that theory and practice of religion that insists on giving reason a place at the Communion Table and on making intelligence an attribute of spiritual life. Had he realized this he would not have been so sure that the things that he learned at the Seminary were "only a hindrance." The institution that teaches its pupils "how to think" is not to be too summarily dismissed, and he whose "Gospel" and conception of "The Carpenter's Son" is disturbed or destroyed by the "best German critics" is in need of something more than sacred ignorance and a sanctifying stupidity. On the whole we commend to this brother a re-examination of his own case. Is he in the line of Luther and Wesley, Channing and Parker and Emerson, or is he, from his superior vantage ground of *unstudied* sanctity and *untrained* efficiency, prepared to find a better way into the Kingdom of God than that upon which they traveled, which was the way of earnest search, of high endeavor, aye, of sleepless nights and anxious days in the interest of truth and the quest after the beauty of holiness and the brotherliness of the open mind as well as the open heart?

We are more reconciled to the reading than we are to the writing of this book. Now that the Reverend Anonymous has gotten this out of his system, let him try it once more and write another book and he will do better. The world needs him. There is work for such as he to do, if he be not too easily discouraged, or, what is worse, too thoroughly disgusted.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Question and An Answer

The Question

Dear Editor:—

You have been a Browning student for many years, and so I am going to ask you to be good enough to tell me if you know any poem or part of a poem of Browning that bears on the present crisis. I have been asked to lecture on that subject, but have failed thus far to see anything in the poet's work that has any legitimate relation to the subject. A word from you would be highly and deeply appreciated by

Yours faithfully.

The Answer.

I have been over the ground indicated by your question in my own mind and was surprised and comforted by the absolute absence of anything that answers for that to be suspected enthusiasm called "patriotism" in Robert Browning, and an equal absence of any glorification of the camp or the battlefield. The man with the sword does not ride through the Robert Browning country. It is interesting and to me informing that the only two militant poems in Robert Browning that I know of are the glorification of those who in his day were supposed to be natural enemies of the English, eternal rivals. I refer of course to the French, and his "Incident in a French Camp" and his "Hervé Riel." The last, I believe, is confessedly an attempt to smooth the obstructions and to ameliorate the suspicions generated by war. The only bit of martial pride I find in his writings is the passing emotion indicated in "An Englishman's Thoughts on the Sea,"—"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent!"

We get a most suggestive hint of his philosophy and psychology of violence in his "Before" and "After." The attitude of the Browning family is revealed in a striking discovery of Mrs. Jones's the other day in the correspondence of Mrs. Browning, which was reproduced as a frontispiece to UNITY in a recent issue. Mrs. Browning was away ahead of England and most of England's sympathizers today. One of the discouraging things to me is the way the Americans removed from the passions of the strife are still lending themselves to partisan patriotism. They want the war to cease, but not until somebody is badly whipped, and expect peace to come through the triumph of gunpowder. As if any nation was ever permanently weakened by defeat on the battlefield or strengthened by a victory of the sword. But that is another story.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

VII.

Judas the Traitor

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered January 10, 1915 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

Prayer.

Search us, O Father. Help us to realize whatever is cowardly and mean within. Give us a realizing sense of our treason to things high and noble, that perchance our hearts may be touched with contrition and conviction. Through our mistakes may we find thee and through our sins climb to thee. Help us, O Father, to recognize thee in whatever is good and true and noble. Give us that loyalty that will be true to the message that lies beyond and above the messenger. Amen.

Sermon.

Judas is the most popular sinner in history. It is always safe to throw stones at him. He is the classic outlaw and rascal in the Christian traditions. Dante chucks him into the very lowest circle of Hell, and finds Lucifer, Brutus and Cassius alone worthy companions for him. He says of that circle that critics have called the circle of Judas,

> That is the lowest region and the darkest,
> And farthest from the heaven which circles all.

One of the characters in his Purgatory appears unarmed, but he indicates that he was armed

> With the lance
> That Judas joisted with; which is the lance of treachery.

Shakespeare finds Judas to his uses. Richard II, speaking of his traitorous lords, exclaims:

> O villiains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
> Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
> Snakes in my heart blood warmed, that sting my heart!
> Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
> Would they make peace? Terrible hell make war
> Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

And the same king, after resigning his crown:

> Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me to this submission,
> Yet I well remember
> The favors of these men: were they not mine?
> Did they not sometimes cry all hail! to me?
> So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
> Found faith in all but one; I in twelve thousand none.

In Richard III, Gloster, congratulating King Edward and the babe, says:

> And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
> Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit—
> To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
> And cried all hail! whence he meant all harm.

Without abating one jot from the crime of treason and the loathsome character of treachery, let even Judas have his due. Let it be understood in the first place that the record is confusing. It is a popular tale, a folk-lore fragment that had grown for forty or more years after the event, before any scribe recorded it to our uses. Let it be understood that the story fits easily into folk lore that antedates the disciples and the Master. There are two different accounts of the death. One is by suicide and the other is by a miraculous bursting of the body. Taken on the face of it, he only went a little farther than the rest of them did. They all fled. Peter denied him with an oath three times. Only one was to be found at the foot of the Cross.

It is characteristic of the nineteenth century that one of the noblest poems of W. W. Story, entitled "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," is a clever, subtile, analytic defence of Judas; a poem of nearly a thousand lines setting forth the possible ameliorating circumstances. The framework of the poem would indicate that this lawyer had come in contact with Lysias, the presiding high priest at the trial, and he gets his version of it. His version, not original with Story, but worked into modern form by Story with great power. Judas, according to this possible conception, shared with the disciples an intimate faith in the power of the Master. He believed that he was the Messiah promised by those of old and destined to dominate, and was distressed and disturbed because of his reluctance to assume that roll. And he thought he was serving a purpose, hastening events that would bring in the Kingdom by precipitating matters, feeling assured that there was that within the Master's reach that would protect him under any conditions. When he discovered that no hand was extended from the empyrean to interfere, that no angel hosts rallied to protect him, that Jesus himself trembled in weakness, in the plain humanity of a defeated man—outwardly speaking—Judas' conscience smote him. He hurried to the Temple and threw the money at the feet of the priests and went out and hanged himself. There is at least in this interpretation that which will remain on the face value of the story to the high credit of Judas. He had sense enough to go hang himself after perpetrating such an outrage. This is convincing evidence that there was a large amount of conscience still left in him.

The accounts, when compared one with the other, are interesting. They show a growing story. We have the most interesting detail, the most elaborate evidence, in John, the Fourth Gospel, the farthest removed from the event and the least historical. Taking, then, the story at its face value, after eliminating and simplifying, making due allowance for the conditions under which the New Testament story grew, even then we have Judas standing as a type of those who prove treasonable to the highest interests of society, those who in the supreme tests fail to be true to their inspirations and their opportunities. We think of Judas, after stripping the story of all verbiage, as the one man of the twelve not of Galilee, but of Iscariot, probably near Jericho. This man from the south was drawn by the personality of the leader, for there was no compulsion here. He had asked to be counted in with the inner circle. He was the one Judean on the staff of the missionary unstayed by any family ties, neighborhood influences or kindly associations. If this son of Iscariot was reared in the neighborhood of Jericho, his dialect must have betrayed him, his associates may have distrusted him. He was not "to the manner born" to that simple, rude, unskilled people of Galilee, but he must have been drawn by some kind of an inward impulse. We can hardly think he was drawn thither by any of the attractions of earth's popularity or greed, and the crowning disappointment that came to him in those dark, ominous days preceding the arrest, trial and execution must have seen the utter collapse of his dream. They were dark and dismal days before

the calamity and the inspirations of the feast were not enough to hold him.

Browning has given what might be a parallel case in the courtiers who gathered around the young Queen of Juliers in "Colombe's Birthday." In her beauty, sincerity and simplicity she had gathered round her a loyal band of courtiers, but when Prince Berthold, with a prior claim to the throne, moving down with more imposing army to annex Juliers and to discount the beautiful young queen among the lilies, then one after another of the courtiers began to look out for their main chance with the next administration, and Guibert, who for a while had succumbed to the sweetness and sincerity and beauty of the girl queen, says:

> Enough!
> I'm with you: selfishness is best again.
> I thought of turning honest—what a dream!
> Let's wake now!

Attend to practical politics again. The ideal doesn't "work!" So perchance it was with Judas.

I plead, then, in extenuation of Judas, first, that if the story is reliable, he had conscience enough to repent. Second, that he was one who was once attracted by the Master and the message. Third, that he doesn't stand alone. There are a lot of us who on any fair classification of morals belong ever and anon with the Judas class. We will all agree in the abstract that the highest treason is that which is treasonable to the message and not to the messenger. It is easy to be true to the man, but it is harder to be true to the principles that make the man notable and worthy. So if you would blame Judas, and he is blameworthy, testing him by that test of sincerity and integrity we find that which will open our homes and reveal them rotting with shame, which will weigh our communities and find them dotted with traitors, which will enter into the council chambers of city, state and nation, and there find Judas, the time servers, those who have turned their backs upon the ideals and incidentally have turned an honest penny in the transaction, as Judas undertook to do.

We will find our first lesson by searching ourselves. We find the weakness of Judas, not by reading the uncertain records, not in the indignation of the theologian and the ecclesiastics who have heaped their maledictions upon him because he turned his back upon the divine Savior, the Christ anointed of God to wash away the sins of the wicked world from off their inherited hearts. If that claim be true, Judas became a necessary link in the divine enactment, and I don't know that we should blame him if he opened the way so that the bloodshed on Calvary could wash us clear of our inherited sins. We rather ought to praise God for any instrumentality that removed the barriers in the path of the Savior of the world. In this sense Judas became an instrument in the hands of an angry God by which, without violating his integrity or violating the superiority that belongs to Godhead, he was able through the help of Judas to find a way out for his wayward children.

No, this "scheme" does not hold. But here was human nature under severe strain, tried and found wanting. The saddest failure was not the abandonment of this Nazarene but the collapse of his faith in the message of the Nazarene, the conservatism that shunned the wisdom of the wise, the gentleness of the gentle, the love of the loving. When Judas led the way and gave the treacherous kiss he practically denied the message, much more profound than the messenger. Tested in this way, we see how every betrayal of sincerity, every abandonment of the cause of the just, every forsaking of the loved and the loving is a Judas betrayal. The mother that prefers the low road of matrimonial advancement for her child on the cheap social lines and abandons the higher lines of maidenly modesty or womanly purity and spiritual potency, belongs in the Judas line. Every time a woman rustles her silks in the pew of a church which her head refuses to accept, bends her knees in formal obeyance to a creed she rejects, and mumbles a confession she does not believe in, she belongs in the Judas column. She has betrayed her Master. Every man who, in the presence of any manifestation of disinterested love, of devotion to the ideal, out of a grumbling hard heart says, "Why was this waste of ointment? It might have been sold for three hundred pennies and given to the poor, don't you know!" is a Judas. One historian adds with justice: "This he said because he held the box and took what was put therein." The crucial test, then, the prominent sin of Judas, if the record is to be trusted, was covetousness. His fingers had learned to play with that which was not his own. He was hungry for "boodle." He betrayed the noblest soul known in history for thirty pieces of silver.

Who will say that the family of Judas is extinct? We cannot go into the marts of trade, the circles of the exchange, without finding the Judas line extending indefinitely. Go with me if you dare, I dare not go alone, on an intellectual search into the lives of our Common Council, of our State Legislature and the higher lawmakers in Washington. How many of them are able to pitch their actions to where their words would lead. How many are willing to stand by their conscience absolutely and decisively irrespective of the fate of party or their own prospects at the next election. Every man who "plays a game" and calls it politics belongs to the Judas band, oftentimes wanting the Judas' sensitiveness, for he will probably die in his bed. If we are going to be hard on Judas, very well; but let us be just to Judas and see where we come in and those around us.

Let me find one or two illustrations from modern history, for I promised you I would try to bring these New Testament studies down to date.

Sixty-one years ago come next May Theodore Parker stood up in the pulpit of Music Hall in Boston and read exactly the same scripture lesson that I read to you this morning, and for over two hours he held the throng there gathered in talking of what he called the "new crime against humanity," and he talked out of the life of Boston of that very week. He knew the names of judges and chief of police, of officers and marshals galore. He told the plain story of how the museums of Boston, the public schools, the libraries, and to a degree the churches of Boston had been free, but were sending back a free man into perpetual slavery. He told the story of Anthony Burns, which now in its present form in the splendid definitive edition of Parker's works occupies seventy-five pages of the book. He tested the Probate Judge on the bench in Boston that week by the test of Judas, and he found that here was one who in the dire dark hour had gone back upon the

promises of Massachusetts and the pledge of its State House and its Legislature. Massachusetts professed to believe in the message of brotherhood which the Nazarene promulgated. Massachusetts had written for itself a notable record of heroism in the interest of liberty. It prided itself that it was rock based on freedom; but here was a whole city committing itself to injustice, to a violation of the law that recognized the integrity of a human soul and the right of that soul to its own life. And Theodore Parker told it all in that sermon on Judas, and Boston resented it. Boston was indignant, outraged. Boston today is proud of that delivery and ashamed of the inspiration that caused it.

Bring the subject still nearer to date. Here in Chicago something occurred the other day that stirs me profoundly. I am going to read you a letter which I wrote to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools. I have offered it to the newspapers here but none of them would publish it. So I offer it in this larger study of Judas. It may help in this intensive farming of the New Testament.

Dear Mrs. Young:

I want my protest to be filed in your office along with that of Dean Talbot and others concerning the recent segregation of color lines in the Wendell Phillips High School. It may be that a "Social Afternoon," even a "Dean of Girls," are among the "frills" that can be dispensed with in a system of public school education. But in this emergency the public school system of Chicago cannot afford to break its record of democracy by this reactionary concession to what is, from the standpoint of democracy, a lamentable prejudice of color, ignoring merit and common interests, which we have inherited from the past, which is an entailment of aristocracy, race prejudice and national conceits, which are coming to their logical issue on the battlefields of Europe today.

My protest is not in behalf of the colored boys and girls of the Wendell Phillips High School. Such disciplines carry their compensation, but I protest in the interest of the white students. It is a blot on the fair fame of the Wendell Phillips that it should lend itself to the perpetuation of such prejudices. I am sure there are white pupils in that school that find congenial comradeship in class and lecture rooms and on the playground with their schoolmates of color, and if there must be "Social Functions" under the management of your Board, they should not misinterpret white children and their parents. Such interference on the part of parents, as I infer your office is troubled with from the newspaper reports, is the kind which it is the business of the School Board to resent. It is the privilege of those who do not like such democratic opportunities to stay away. If there is to be any "Jim Crow' segregation, let it be a "White Crow" one which they can enjoy at their pleasure. No "Dean of Girls" in Wendell Phillips or any other high school should be allowed to make a record of such far-reaching significance in the public schools of Chicago without thorough consideration and radical discussion.

Of course this is but a manifestation of the irrepressible and inevitable battle which has been raging through American history for generations. At one time it drenched our Southern fields in blood. It is still raging. No solution will obtain but a right solution, that is in the erasing of the prejudice against races, names, creeds and nationalities. If the "Dean of Girls" in the Wendell Phillips High School is allowed to cater to the prejudices against colored children, the next thing she will confront is the very real prejudice quite dominant in this neighborhood, so active that to my knowledge it leads some parents to withdraw their children from the privileges of the school on account of the Jew domination in that school. This prejudice against the black race, which thanks to a social mixture quite of another kind, is largely white blood, is paralleled by the prejudice against the Jews, and that other latent prejudice, ever ready to express itself and impatient of bounds, against the Catholics will follow. If the public cannot be made to extend equal privileges to all those of equal merit, then is the last hope of democracy gone.

Of course there is nothing personal in this letter. It is not to my friend, Mrs. Young, but to the Superintendent of Public Schools and the Board of Education back of her.

I offer these illustrations of the treason that abandons an ideal because it doesn't work—stays out of a great cause because it breeds opposition, oftentimes in the name of the Master who communed with the Samaritan woman. He who said to the abandoned woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more," and on the Cross to the murderers beside him gave words of greeting and fellowship.

Pride is one element that keeps the world back. Men and women are so afraid of consequences that they are willing to commercialize conscience, to sell out in the interest of a greater success, to triumph over the humiliation of lovers of truth and justice.

I ask no interpretation of the Judas crime that does not bring us all under that test and bring us all under this condemnation. What about the far-famed ministry of the pulpit of the twentieth century? What about the open secret that the revelations of the study are not carried to the pulpit; that the full gleam of light that breaks upon the mind of the student is spent in his sermon.

Let me take an illustration far enough away from home so that no one can suspect me of being personal. I am going to re-read you some pages of a sermon that I gave twenty-five years ago, and even then it was ancient history in my ministry.

A minister came to me and said, "I do not know how to go on with my work, continue to do good to my people and at the same time be at rest with my own soul." Some years before that another minister, in response to some remark of mine in regard to the heretical character of the books on his library table (such books as every student in those days had access to), I asked him how he got along with his people and he playfully winked and said, "I get such sermons out of those books as my people like to hear and they don't know where they come from." Seven or eight years ago (with twenty-four added) a minister took a long journey to see me to say that for a long time there had been a painful discrepancy between his thought of God and man and that he was expected to preach, and to a certain extent which he did preach. Some weeks after the interview I received the following letter:

Dear Brother: Since confessing my sins to you in Chicago I have studied the subject in every light possible and have come to about this conclusion. My engagement will not be out here until about two months yet. During this time I will test the elasticity here by preaching liberal ideas in religion. If they tolerate these ideas and are satisfied to allow me to preach them it would seem foolish in me not to go on. Of course I have talked liberal ideas the years I have been here and our people seem to be satisfied with it, but during the next two months I mean to go farther in that direction. I have already gathered together a large congregation here, one of the largest and most intelligent they have ever had. While some of our church members look with some suspicion upon some of my utterances, yet they are glad to have a minister who "draws." *It fills the church with well dressed people and (better still) it fills the collection basket, helping them to pay their bills. If I can buy off the decaons in this way, is it wicked?* And why not go ahead? If they are satisfied I certainly ought to be. In other words, if I can earn the right to remain and be heard ought I not to do so? It seems so to me now. It seems that one should not be weary in well doing.

But I feel, however, that I must sometime go into the Unitarian "denomination," but that will be when I get ready to leave this place. Since I have made you my confessor, be as charitable as you can with me. I am only one among thousands of others who, "in silence and in thrall are long-

ing for more beautiful days," and who are striving as best they can to bring these days about. It is a relief to have some one with whom I can communicate thus freely. I shall be glad to hear from you.

As I said, I take these illustrations from a long way back that there may be no possible complications of personality or breach of confidence. But my letter book for any month and my interviews during any year from that time to this will match these confessions and perplexities. What are we to say about these brethren? What would you have said in answer to such a letter as this? What do we say to ourselves when we find ourselves in their situation, minus perhaps the frankness of their cases. What has time to say to such cases? The first mentioned brother continued in his task of trying "to do good to the world" by being slightly dishonest to his own soul, and fame, honor and an apparently increased power for usefulness have rewarded his decision. He has held positions of trust and occupied some of the most conspicuous pulpits in our country at the gift of his denomination. The second preacher continued to glean sermons from sources that his hearers "scarcely know of" and found thereby an ever increasing circle of admirers and an ever widening opportunity for usefulness. While the poor brother who wrote the letter came to the point where the deacons could not be "bought off," and for many years now I believe he has been following the rounds of an insurance man, that asylum for broken down ministers.

All this is ancient history and the comment is twenty-five years old; but these studies open up a window that throws light into the life of this age, and when we talk about the breaking down of Christianity in Europe today we but confess a fact made explicable by the tortuous lines of Judases who all through the centuries have had their eyes on the contribution box, have in the darkest hours made common cause with Mammon and have been cowardly in the presence of the supreme tests.

Whatever happened there was betrayed in Gethsemane that dark night the advocate of a brotherhood universal, a love that is more powerful than might. Even in that dark hour did he not say to the military man, "Put up thy sword. My kingdom is not of this earth," and it is the betrayal of that Christly Gospel more than Christ that brings us to this awful belligerency that threatens to overshadow our civilization.

I remember at the St. Louis Exposition being greatly impressed with a picture by a Russian artist. It indicated a modern artist with the surroundings of a modern studio sound asleep in the presence of his easel. The picture was cut in two parts. While the artist slept in the upper region of the canvas there trooped a lot of winsome figures, noble men and gracious women devoted to high ideals as the dream of the artist. In the lower picture, while he slept a wanton woman in gaudy dress tickled his nose with a feather. A modern business man stood there and held close to his eyes a piece of gold. Around his knees played wanton nymphs that wore bunches of grapes in their hair. There was the ideal. Here were the practical temptations of an artist. Would he live up to his ideals and starve, as probably would be the case, or has been the case so often, or would he wake to see that big shining gold piece within his reach. Would he wake to accept the delights of that mightiest of passions, and wake and soothe himself with the inspirations of the vine? If, Heaven helping him, he could in his wakeful hours be true to the ideals of his dream, he belongs to the discipleship of the Nazarene, and going down if need be into the darkness of Gethsemane he would triumph and know the power of the Gospel—the Good News. But if in his waking hours he yielded to the attractions in the foreground and the near at hand, he would "succeed"—perhaps in putting shekels in his pocket. It is an indignity to Judas to place such in the Judas rank if he died unrepentant. If he grew so hardened in his "success" that he never had the grace to throw back the ill-gotten gains.

I close with a kindly word for even Judas. Note the lesson in the beautiful legend of Matthew Arnold's poem. It is a tradition that once way off in Joppa, Judas took note of a sand pelted leper and threw his cloak over him and passed on. But that test of kindness, that touch of real love and mercy, followed him into hell, and the gratitude of a leper gave him respite on every Christmas eve to escape the torture of the damned, flee the flames and cool himself on the pure iceberg in the northern sea. This represents my abiding faith and hope for every Judas. He was not so bad as he might have been, as he would have been had he not thrown back the ungracious coin. Back of that, however wanton and vicious may have been his dastardly deed, there was a time when something lured him from Jericho and the plenty of Judea to form a companionship with an unlettered band from the North, and that also must be entered to his credit. There was a time when the Nazarene tutored him, and that goes to his credit, and tradition has found that even in the life of a Judas there was one spot of gentleness and beauty, of tenderness and duty as he passed by the miserable leper on the street, and that was remembered to his credit in the lower circles of Hell as pictured by the great Master of the Inferno, Dante.

Let us have faith and hope even for Judas, but let us beware of the Judas temptation. Let us distrust that thrift of thrifty man whose very charity is cruel. No charity, no love, no tenderness to this abandoned child of the Most High, but save your pennies to give to the next beggar!

No more searching test of the spirituality of the religion of our day can be applied than the quality of our philanthropies. The great money makers seldom get beyond the beneficence of a hospital. Oh, they can understand the agony of a broken leg, but they have no heart for the agony of a broken heart. They know what it is to go without coal, and what it must be to go without a loaf of bread. But what of the cause that needs befriending! What of the message that needs promulgating! What of the ideas, for the want of which souls are emaciated and spirits are hungry and hearts sick! Let us lift our charity above that of the vigilant Judas who bemoaned the wasting of the ointment because it might have been sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor. Are we not more anxious to succor the unfit of our poor than we are to encourage the noblest kind of our poor. The survival of the unfit is the result of charity of this day too often, and the death of the fit goes on relentlessly, not only on the battlefields of

Europe, but in the neglected haunts of genius, in the abandoned homes of gentleness, tenderness and wisdom.

May Heaven help us to take to heart the lesson of Judas, the sermon of the Betrayer.

Help us, Father, to save our consciences, to be true to our ideals, to be faithful to the intangible, and on that account the eternal interests of the spirit. Amen.

The Arya Samaj of India*

Probably in no country in the world are there more important religious movements going forward at the present time than in India.

We are apt to think of India as a land of immobility, and its inhabitants as a people living in the past and untouched by the thought and progress of the twentieth century. But we are quite mistaken. All Asia is wakening from its sleep. Japan and China are hardly more throbbing with unrest than India. In China and Japan the unrest is primarily political, commercial, economic and industrial, and to a subordinate degree religious. In India the unrest assumes all these forms, but the religious presses more to the front and assumes greater importance, because the Indian people are, and throughout all their history have been, more profoundly interested in religious thought and more deeply religious in their nature, than any other people of Asia, or probably of the world.

Of the five important religions of the world today, two, Hinduism (or Brahmanism) and Buddhism, are the children of India. Buddhism has now in India only a few adherents; but it was born there and had a great career there for 1,500 years, and before it disappeared from the land of its birth and had become strong in most of the other countries of central and eastern Asia. At the present time, of the 315,000,000 of people in India about 210,000,000 are Hindus, adherents of the old historic religion of the land which has come down in an uninterrupted and ever widening stream for fully three thousand years; 70,000,000 are Mohammedans, and the remaining 35,000,000 are divided among many faiths, the most interesting to us, even if not the most numerous, being the Brahmo Samajists, the Arya Samajists and the Christians.

If we judged by numbers, we should set down these last three named bodies as almost insignificant, for they total only about as follows: Christians of all names, Catholics, Protestants and others, 3,000,000, Arya Samajists half a million and Brahmo Samajists a few thousand. But we cannot always judge of the importance of bodies by their numerical strength, and this is eminently true in the present case. These three movements are all distinctly reforming, progressive, awakening, liberating movements. This is their very great significance. They are all lights, bright and even dazzling lights, shining in the eyes of the great, sleeping Hindu and Mohammedan giants (if I may use such a figure) and compelling them to wake up; they are sharp spears thrust into the sides, driven ever deeper and deeper into the sides of these lethargic giants, causing them to groan and cry out in protest, and also forcing them to arouse themselves and begin to move in an age when everything, even in India, is moving.

The work which Christian missions, particularly Protestant missions, are doing in India is important. It would be interesting to speak of it in some detail if this were the place for so doing. Fortunately, we in this country already have much knowledge of it through the reports of missionaries.

The work of the Brahmo Samaj is also very important; but of this, too, we in America have obtained some knowledge through Mr. Mozoomdar, Mr. Nagarkar, Mr. Rabindranath Tagore and other representatives of that movement who have visited us in the past. Hence I need not speak of this here.

But the work of the Arya Samaj, which is perhaps not less important than either of the others, is as yet almost unknown in America. The reasons are three.

First, the movement is very new. The date of its beginning is 1875, only forty years ago; hence its age is less than half of that of the Brahmo Samaj and much less than a quarter that of modern Indian Christian missions.

Second, it is a purely Indian movement which arose almost wholly apart fom Christian influences or any influences of the Christian or Western world. Even the languages which it employs in its oral and printed propaganda have been and still are almost wholly the ancient Sanskrit and the modern native languages of India. In this it differs widely from Indian Christianity and from the Brahmo Samaj; both of which have much literary connection with Europe and America and make much use of the English language. It is not strange that a movement shut away from us by such barriers should be slow in attracting our attention.

Third, not until now have we had any adequate history or account of the Arya Samaj published in any European language through which we could obtain knowledge of the movement, even we had desired. At last, however, this difficulty is removed. We have now in English an interesting, well-written, reliable book of three hundred pages, just published by Longmans, Green & Company (London and New York), entitled "The Arya Samaj: An Indian Movement. An Account of its Aims, Doctrines and Activities, with a Biographical Sketch of its Founder." The author is Mr. Lajpat Rai, who is one of the best known and most honored leaders of the Arya Samaj and also one of the most eminent public men of India. Mr. Rai has the further qualification for writing, that he has spent much time in England and America, and hence is able to see in a measure from our standpoint, and therefore understand what it is we want to know regarding the religious movement which he represents. Indeed, he wrote the work last year in England, and when it was finished, came for a second time to America, where he is now making an extended study of our political, civil and religious institutions and life.

This work of Mr. Rai has a double value in being at once a biography of Swami Dyananda Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj, and a historical account of the Samaj itself.

Judged of from any standpoint Swami Dyananda is to be regarded as one of the great men of modern India. Even his bitterest enemies concede this. India in her long history has produced many eminent re-

* The Arya Samaj. An Account of Its Aims, Doctrines and Activities; with a Biographical Sketch of its Founder. By Lajpat Rai. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.

ligious reformers; among these his name has now a secure place.

He was born in Northwestern India in the year 1824, and died in 1883, at the age of 59. The field of his activity was chiefly the North and West, where the Arya Samaj was first established, and where thus far it has developed its greatest strength. He was a Brahmin of the highest caste, born of a family steeped in ancient Hindu lore and held in high honor for their orthodoxy. He had an intense hunger for knowledge and spent many years studying with the most learned men in India, thus becoming a great scholar, profoundly versed in the Vedas (the earliest Hindu sacred books) and in the most important Sanskrit literature based on the Vedas. His extensive studies, however, did not confirm him in orthodoxy. Indeed, quite in his boyhood he began to show signs of independent and heretical thinking and a disposition to rebel against the authority of the Brahmins and many of the religious teachings and practices common around him. This disposition in him grew. By the time he had reached middle age he had become convinced that India needed nothing so much as a thorough reform of her religion. To this work he determined to devote the rest of his life.

For some years he traveled as a sannyasi (a religious mendicant scholar) all up and down India, preaching, teaching, holding discussions, and endeavoring by all the means in his power to get his reform ideas before the people. His plea was for a purification of Hinduism. To bring this about he urged that there must be a return to the religion of the earliest scriptures, the Vedas. All the evils connected with the Hinduism of today, he affirmed, are corruptions of that pure early faith. The particular evils against which he set himself most sternly were idolatry, caste, and the ill treatment of women and girls, especially as regards child marriage. His contention was strong and uncompromising, that none of these find any support in the Vedas, and hence must be put away both as wrong in themselves and as no part of the true historic religion of India. To aid him in his work he made a translation of the Vedas from the old Sanskrit (in which they were accessible to only the more learned of the Brahmins) into Hindi, the language most widely used in that part of India if not in India as a whole.

Swami Dyananda has sometimes been called the Luther of India. Certainly in two respects he was like Luther. First, he was a powerful protestant against what he regarded as the abuses, corruption and tyrannies of the accepted religion and the dominant ecclesiasticism of his time; and second, he took the most honored of the people's sacred books out of the dead language in which it was entombed, and gave it to them in their own living tongue.

It was as a necessary step in the carrying out of his reforms that he organized the Arya Samaj, for of course if there was to be a reform movement of any wide reaching influence and permanence it must gather to itself a definite constituency and assume a concrete organic form.

The following may be stated as in brief the religious teachings of the Arya Samaj:

1. There is one God, with no second. He is infinite, almighty, omniscient, just, merciful, holy, immortal. He alone should be worshipped. Of course this sweeps away all idolatry.

2. The Vedas are God's original and true revelation. It is the duty of every Arya to read, teach and obey them. Their teachings are infallible truth.

3. The doctrine of *Karma* is true: all acts must be followed by their consequences, good or evil. As one sows he must reap. The results of actions cannot be escaped, warded off or atoned for. And yet *Karma* must not be interpreted as fate; because men are free and the shaping of their *Karma* is in their own hands.

4. All men ought to be treated with love and justice.

5. Ignorance must be dispelled and knowledge diffused.

6. No one should be content with promoting his own good, but should endeavor also to promote the good of others.

7. Worship should consist of contemplation, communion and prayer, coupled with purity of thought, word and deed.

8. The object of the Arya Samaj is to benefit the whole world, by improving the physical, social and spiritual condition of mankind.

Probably we as Christians would find most objection to the second of these teachings, that which affirms the Vedas to be God's original and infallible revelation. This is not quite so bad in effect as it seems, for large liberty of interpretation of the Vedic scriptures is allowed to every person. As a matter of fact, Arya teachers recognize much truth of God as coming from other sources besides the Vedas; and when they find anything in the Vedas which does not agree with modern science or knowledge, they show almost as much ingenuity in explaining it away as our orthodox Christian scholars do in explaining away unscientific teachings found in our so-called infallible Bible.

From the beginning the Arya Samaj has taken a strong stand for education, education of all grades, from lowest to highest, and for both sexes. Its aim is universal and compulsory training, at least in the primary branches of study. It early established at Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, a college for men, which I believe is now the largest in northern India, as it is one of the very best. It has also a college for women, and many other institutions of higher learning of one kind or another.

In all its education, while it opens its doors freely to the knowledge of the West, it takes great pains not to neglect studies which will acquaint students with their own land and civilization and keep them in sympathy with their own institutions and their own people. Much of the education introduced into India by the English government and by the Christian missionaries has erred here. It has neglected the vernacular languages and placed great stress upon English; it has neglected Indian history, literature, art and philosophy, and taught almost exclusively the history, literature and thought of the West, and thus has gone far toward de-nationalizing and de-Indianizing the children and youth of the land. The results have been deplorable. The Arya Samaj has everywhere sought to resist this unwisdom and so far as possible to correct its harmful results. It has set out to train the children and youth of India for life in India, and to render the most useful service possible to India.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the education of the Arya Samaj is the emphasis that it places upon moral and religious training. I have never seen elsewhere schools in which religion, including worship and the right ordering of moral conduct are given so central a place.

It will interest Americans to know that there is no neglect of recreation; athletics and physical training

are regularly promoted. There are ample playgrounds and time is set apart each day for play—the playing of games, including, among others, football, cricket, baseball and hockey, which are everywhere popular. But these sports are better controlled than in America or England, and form a really valuable part of education, instead of being allowed to become, as so often with us, a substitute for education, sometimes a very evil substitute.

The Arya Samaj is active in social reforms. Its war against the evils of caste is strenuous and unremitting. It does not take the form, however, of endeavoring to do away with all caste. Rather it regards the institution as having a certain possible value as a regulator of social order. But the very terrible tyrannies and injustices which, in the course of ages have become associated with caste, it would destroy. It would do away with the idea that birth is the only door to caste, and thow open the very highest caste to merit no matter how lowly born.

As already intimated, the Arya Samaj has for one of its distinct aims the giving of a larger and higher life to woman. It not only seeks to promote the education of girls and young women, but it sweeps away such evils as child marriage and the social ostracism of widows.

Perhaps the most important of the social reform movements now inviting public attention in India, is that for the elevation of the so-called "depressed classes," or "untouchables," or outcasts, those large sections of the population that are below all caste. There are not fewer than forty millions of these, and their condition is pitiable beyond words. There is an organized movement rapidly extending over the whole land to lift those people out of their degradation by giving them schools and other advantages denied them in the past. In this movement the Arya Samaj is taking a very active interest, an interest only equalled by the Brahmo Samaj and the Christian churches. Eight or nine years ago the Arya Samaj fell for a time under suspicion as being political in its aim and disloyal to the British Government, the suspicion even going so far as to cause the arrest and temporary deportation of Mr. Sajpat Rai. But thorough investigation on the part of the government showed that the suspicion was without foundation, and Mr. Rai was fully exonerated. The cause of the distrust was really very honorable to the Arya Samaj. That cause was the fine spirit of vigor, self-reliance and independence which is everywhere fostered in the schools and in all religious organizations of the body. Because the Samaj was everywhere teaching its children and young people to think for themselves, to stand on their own feet, to love India and to be loyal to her civilization, her religion and her ideals, some short-sighted government officials took alarm. But the alarm has passed by, and it is now recognized that Indians may be thoroughly loyal to India and still be loyal to the British-Indian Empire.

Unquestionably there is a great political awakening in India, a widespread and ever-deepening demand on the part of the people for greater liberty, more of self-rule, and enlarged political privileges of various kinds. That demand will not slacken. The spirit of independence in the Arya Samaj no doubt tends indirectly to foster it. Indeed, Mr. Rai and other prominent Aryas are active political leaders. But their aim is not severance from the British government, but local self-rule like that of Canada and Australia, under the British Government.

This book of Mr. Rai should do an important work in England in letting the English people know the full truth regarding the political attitude as well as the spiritual faith and ideals of the Arya Samaj. The book should also render a real service to us in America by putting us in touch with a religious movement which is of great significance in the East, and which at the same time possesses much in common with Liberal Christianity in our own lands.

J. T. SUNDERLAND, D. D.

THE PRAYER OF JOHN MUIR

Let me sleep among the shadows of the mountain when I die,
In the murmur of the pines and sliding streams,
Where the long day loiters by
Like a cloud across the sky,
And the night is calm and musical with dreams.

Lay me down within a canyon of the mountains, far away,
In a valley filled with dim and rosy light;
Let me hear the streams at play
Through the vivid, golden day,
And a voice of many waters in the night.

Let me lie where glinting rivers ramble down the slanting glade
Under bending alders garrulous and cool,
Where the sycamores have made
Leafy shrines of shifting shade,
Tremulous above the ferned and pebbled pool.

I have loved the lordly eagle far aloft against the skies
And his shadow trailing through the pines below,
And I love the filmy dyes
Of the darting dragon-flies
Skimming, swift as light, the river's foaming flow.

Now I draw my dreams about me and I leave the darkling plain
Where the soul forgets to soar and learns to plod.
I will go back home again
To the kingdoms of the rain
Where I shall be nearer heaven, nearer God.

Where the rose of dawn comes earliest across the miles of mist,
Boon-fellow of the stardawn and sunrise,
I shall keep a lover's tryst
With the gold and amethyst,
With the stars for my companions in the skies.

—*Odell Shepard.*

Book News Monthly.

One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hen's nests. The sudden cackling of a faithful old hen we shall never hear without the old wish to seek and bring in the trophy.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"The Collapse of Religion?"

The "collapse of Religion" has startled the pious, the reverent and the believing. Mankind has dishonored every great religion, Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. The nations are blaspheming. They pray to God for more power to kill. They worship not God, but the war-gods of power. Religion has proven its powerlessness to prevent or to stop the hate and fury, the blindness and madness of men.

Not only Religion has failed; Education and Science have been as powerless. The insensate madness of war has overturned the minds and unbalanced the reason of the pious, the educated and the learned. Preachers of religion and philosophers, poets and artists, the thinkers and the learned bombard one another with verbal cannonade of fury and hate. Christianity has failed among the "Christian nations;" but it signifies no triumph of Judaism, except for the revelation, in all its nakedness, of the futility of meekness and submission, of resignation and nonresistance. The teachings of religion are vanity of vanities. Vanity of vanities are Love and Gentleness, Mercy and Humaneness, Brotherhood and Justice. "This is the grand defeat of all of us Utopians."

Let us be driven not to despair, but to searching inquiry. What are the fundamentals of human society? Are there no ethical obligations of man to man, and nation to nation? Have the commandments been repealed? Shall a modern Moses, beholding the faithless nations serving the golden calf and the gods of war and force, hurl down the mountain-side and break to pieces the Tables of Stone because the faithless nations are unworthy to receive the Law? What is the goal of the human race? Is it power and world mastery, dominion and world-domination, or is it justice and freedom and human happiness for the millions of men?

Never has it been more clear that the world cannot be guided by the doctrine of might nor be ruled by the force of arms. Never has it been more clear that Love and not hate, Justice and not injustice, Humanity and not inhumanity, Human Brotherhood, and not the conflict of races and nations and religions are the foundation-stones of a true civilization.

The modern world speaks bold challenge to Religion. Modern life does not proclaim that Religion has reality and power. The fearful death-grapple of nations and races has driven home the unreality and the non-acceptance of religious teachings and principles. Religion seems to have failed. It has not gripped human hearts and minds. Man has failed—he has not gripped the ideals and the spirit of religion. Religions historically have been the moral guides and teachers of mankind. All the more startling their failure, after these many, many centuries. How manifest the moral shortcomings of the race! Are Business and Industry and Politics inspired and guided and ruled by religious ideals and principles? Do they not ignore Christianity, Judaism and all Religion? Love and Justice and Brotherhood have not gripped the conscience of mankind. Behold poverty and want, crime and vice, immorality and inhumanity, in the heart of the civilized world.

We, the teachers and the champions of the ideal, dare not surrender faith nor lose courage, even in this hour, when ideal is mocked in laughter and dragged through the mire and drenched with human blood. We believe in the reality of Religion. We shall not cease to labor to reunite Life with Religion that once again Religion may inspire and consecrate human feeling and thought and conduct.

America awaits consecrated leaders, and Israel inspired prophets. The "perfect ideal of Religion," the Religion of Justice, Mercy and Humility must be made real and be applied to the problems of our generation and country—to quicken conscience, to awaken moral passion and to kindle in men and women the holy enthusiasm to live nobly. Rabbis may teach and inspire, but Israel must activize the power and vitalize the life of the Temple.

Steadfast in our faith in the eternal truth of Judaism, conscious of the true nobility of Jewish life and of Jewish history, let us, with the resistless power of human hearts enkindled, and of souls aflame with Truth, teach and preach our Judaism to the Jews of America and to the world.

May we be illumined with vision, to perceive with clearness the final goal, and endowed with wisdom, to choose with foresight the present path, and inspired with prophetic power, to proclaim the truths, principles and ideals, which like the eternal stars have guided Israel, through the centuries.—*Reform Advocate. From the President's Address, Rabbi Moses J. Gries, Cleveland, Ohio, before the Central Conference of American Rabbis, Charlevoix, Mich., June 29, 1915.*

A FAILURE.

They say he has done little; failure stamps
Its mark on that bent form, that shabby coat,
The twine-sowed mittens, and frayed strip of shawl
He winds, in winter, round his wrinkled throat.

We do not count the trifling, kindly deeds
To which through all the years those hands have turned,
Nor deem it a success that over weak
And feeblest forms of nature his heart yearned.

We smile to see him feed the worn-out horse
That worked for him, but now can work no more;
And that the swallow might not miss her nest
He carved an entrance through the old barn-door.

We deem it folly that a blind, deaf dog
Rests on the braided mat beside his hearth,
Sharing his daily meals of meat, of milk
Because of some long-past remembered worth.

And even when the winter, with its sleet,
Its ice-bound streams, its blinding tempest, comes,
The storm-tossed bird will seek his unkept home,
Sure, here, of grain, of meat, of scattered crumbs.

We know that never wife has clasped his hand,
Nor child of his been dandled on his knee;
And yet each child who greets his halting step
Has some small gift to keep in memory.

The willow whistle, or the birch-bark belt,
The peach-stone basket, or the gray-green chair,
Woven of brook-side rushes, and the ring,
Or wee girl's bracelet, from her own fair hair.

If but our eyes could see with clearer view,
Unblinded each bare heart and purpose scan,
Then might we as success or failure gage,
In verity, the measure of a man.

Cora A. Matson Dolson.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER
IV.

My dear Friend:—

Do you remember what a time mother and I had this spring deciding on a place to spend the summer in? When I telephoned that we were thinking of Tower Hill, you said it was "the very place." We are finding it all we hoped for and more. It is so different from the usual run of summer resorts. This primitive, simple life gives all the peace and quiet necessary to a complete rest with just enough of interest to break the monotony. We have been here four weeks and hope to stay as many more. Doesn't that speak well for its charms?

The hills of this region are rough and rugged. From a distance, they have the effect of mountains. There is a bluish or purplish haze about them. Tower Hill is covered with many beautiful flowers, ferns and trees. From the porch, where we are writing letters, there is a glorious view. The cottage is built on the side slope of the hill and the porch is on high "stilts," so to speak. A tall pine tree rises in the foreground. Behind it is the river with its green banks and sandy shoals. In the extreme distance are those mountain-like hills and the sky. When the sun sets behind the hills the view resembles a Japanese print. After the nerve-racking noises of city life, it is good to rest here in the peaceful and health-giving presence of the pines—"far from the madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife." A book, a little sewing, a quiet walk at sunset—how pleasantly and profitably the days pass by!

We are not idlers at Tower Hill. Everyone has some work to do. In the evenings, when we gather in the library or pavilion to hear Mr. Jones read, the young women crochet, knit or do plain sewing. It makes a pretty, home-like group. One night this week Mr. Jones was so impressed by the industry of his listeners that he told the story of the old negro who prayed that the Lord might make the intemperate temperate and the industrious "dustrious." This week the readings were dialect poems and a story of life in the trenches.

Our lessons in bible study have dealt with the gospels. If you read the lessons in UNITY you will get an idea of the work Mr. Jones is giving us. He is leading us to see the human and personal side of the Christ as well as the abstract truths and teachings. We see him as a "lover of outdoors" and "friend of little children"—the great teacher who made use of parables. Mr. Jones spoke particularly of the parables of the "Good Samaritan," "Prodigal Son," "Sower" and "Rich Man and Lazarus." He cited Lincoln and Tolstoy as the two more modern users of the parable form of teaching.

Every afternoon at 4:30 or 5 o'clock our pine tree is full of birds ready for their evening meal. Of them all, the tanager is by far the most brilliant with its vivid red body and black wings. With Miss Howe's help, we are learning to identify the birds on the Hill though the great variety of sparrows is still confusing. This is a rich field for nature study. Miss Howe is opening our eyes to its many beauties. She followed a lesson on the trees of this region with an evening talk on the Yosemite Valley and great trees of California.

Of course, we are all looking forward to the Woman's Congress which meets here August 13-15, for it promises to be a most interesting event. However, I am sure nothing could be more profitable nor recreative than these long, sweet, summer days passed in the solitude of the pines for

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes:

* * * *

I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

One need never be lonely here for there is a library of several hundred volumes ranging from light fiction to the greatest poets and philosophers. During the rainy days of this week, we were quite contented with our books.

Hoping that you, too, may spend a summer at Tower Hill, I am,

Faithfully yours,

M. M.

Tower Hill, Aug. 7, 1915.

SECOND CLEAN TOWN CONTEST IN UTAH.

The Clean Town Contest of Utah is a study in the growth of an idea. Early in 1914 J. M. Kirkham, secretary of the Utah Development League and editor of the *Utah Farmer*, chanced to read in a Texas newspaper, an account of a clean town contest which was then being conducted by the newspapers of that state Struck with the feasibility of applying the idea to Utah, he worked through the commercial clubs of the state, the governor, and the state Board of Health. As a result, Utah, in 1914, conducted the first clean town contest ever held in this country under the auspices of a state bureau.

So remarkable were the results last year that the contest is being repeated this year by the state Board of Health, the Utah Development League co-operating. The manner of conducting the contest and the mode of scoring will be essentially the same this year as last, so a brief review of last year's event will show the general value of the movement.

The contest started about the middle of March. Each town organized a committee of citizens who outlined and directed its campaign. Provo, a town of 10,000 population, selected a committee of fifty. A captain for each of the 250 city blocks was also appointed. By a centrally chosen street the town was divided into two competing sections. From the citizens of each section a doctor and layman were chosen, constituting a committee of four judges.

When a resident finished cleaning up he notified the judges that his premises were ready for inspection. The judges scored his premises on a possible basis of 90 points. If he scored 75 points he was given a red or blue button according to whether he belonged to the red or blue army. The army receiving the greater number of buttons prevailed. In Lehi a prize of $25 was given the winning side. This local competition was the stimulant to prepare the town against competing towns.

The same system of scoring as was used locally was employed by the state-wide judges in scoring the towns in the final contest, excepting that five points were reserved, for sanitation of schoolhouses and other public buildings and five points for vacant lots, making the highest possible score for a town, as a whole, 100 points.

The state judges began scoring the towns on August 15, before which date all preparations for the contest ceased. The three judges, one of whom was J. H. Wallis, former state food and dairy commissioner of Idaho, were paid for their services out of the funds of the

state Health Department. The judges were busy scoring from August 15 until the first week in November.

Of the possible 100 points, 15 were devoted to sewage, 15 to stables and carrols, 10 to garbage disposal, 10 to water supply, 5 to public buildings, 5 to the marketing of food, 5 to the presence of flies (or better, the absence of them), 5 to house sanitation. To the æsthetic, as distinguished from the sanitary aspect of the scoring, the remaining points were devoted, namely, to the condition of streets, parks and alleys; towns and flower-gardens, vacant lots, and fences.

The towns fell in six classes, from A to F inclusive, depending on the population. Salt Lake and Ogden alone constituted class A. Manti, a town of between 1,500 and 2,500 population (Class D) received the highest score, although there was a prize for the leading town in each class.

T. B. Beatty, M. D., secretary of the state Board of Health, states that the campaign reduced the death rate throughout the state.—*"The Survey."*

HOW TO SUCCEED.

(Follow These Rules Faithfully and the World Will Be Yours.)

Become a college graduate. The acquaintances you make and the standing you get are absolutely necessary.

Don't waste time on college, which ruins every boy's capacity for work. The three R.'s are the only things necessary.

Take the first job that's offered you, no matter what it is. Experience, no matter what it is, will be your biggest asset.

Respect yourself and don't take the first thing that offers. What you value yourself at is what the world values you at.

Save your money.

It takes nerve to blow in all your cash. But that is the policy, with brains back of it, that produces the biggest results.

Never borrow.

Be a big borrower. That's the way you make others work for you.

Remember, a good wife will do more to make you than any other factor.

Don't marry. The extravagance of women is the curse of the nation.

—*"Life."*

MISS KATYDID

Miss Katydid keep bringin'
De news right to de do',
Industriously singin'
'Bout frost in six weeks mo'.
Oh, Miss Katydid!
A hollerin' all de night,
When you cuts loose to tell de news
I hopes you tells it right!

Never min' de 'lection!
Never min' de fights!
We looks in de direction
Of dem cool September nights.
Oh, Miss Katydid,
We 'tends to what you say,
An' hopes to find you an' de kind
Dat takes it back nex' day.

—*Philander Johnson.*
Washington Star.

TO A KATYDID

Sprite, in your leafy covert hid,
'Twixt your "didn't" and your "did,"
Simple folk are quite in doubt
What your talk is all about.

"Did" and "didn't"! That's a clear
Contradiction, Katie, dear;
One would think you scarcely knew
Any odds between the two.

"Did?" But what? And where? And when?
"Didn't"! There you go again!
Such a slippery little chit!
After all, what matters it?

Who—do you imagine—cares,
Katie, for your small affairs?
Hold your peace; and, for the rest,
We'll concede you did your best.

If you didn't, more's the shame;
If you did, then where's the blame?
So give o'er; you won't be chid,
Though you didn't or you did.

Only—your own counsel keep,
Letting honest people sleep;
If you did, then be it so;
If you didn't, let it go!

—*Caroline A. Mason.*

O earth! thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed lightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them; a Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

—*Richard Realf.*

TWO RIDDLES

Some one comes in our front door—
Makes things awful glad!
Stamps his feet upon the floor,
Gives a bear hug and a roar.
'Tisn't Santa, yet he brings
Pockets full of pleasant things.
Guess!
Sounds exactly like our Dad!
Yes!

There is something very bright
Lights up every place;
Makes you not afraid at night;
Makes you always feel just right.
Not the moon, and not the sun;
Not the lamps when day is done
Guess!
Can't fool me—that's Mother's face!
Yes!

—*Helen Coale Crew.*
California Christian Advocate.

WORDS.

The word that makes me lonesomest
Of all the words I know
Is "moor." It makes me think of night
And weeds bent down with snow,
And low, dark clouds that do not hold
A single star for light,
And not a sound that you can hear
But winds that cry all night.

A very comfortable word
Is "plenty,"—it's so round
And fat and full and pantry-ish;
It has a golden sound.
It makes me think of cookie-jars,
And fields of yellow wheat,
And loaded vans, and market-days,
And all things good to eat.

The word that sounds the happiest
Is "jingle," I should say.
It *is* a rather thinnish word,
But still it 's very gay.
I think it is a children's word,
It is n't meant for age;
It always seems to shout at me
From out a printed page.

But oh, the sweetest word I know,—
The very coziest,—
Is "soft." Just whisper it and see
If *you* don't love it best!
A quiet, cuddly, snuggly word
That makes you want to creep
Up to the lounge in mother's room
And be sung off to sleep.

—*Marian Kent Hurd.*
In St. Nicholas.

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